

Good Morning 608

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FEW M.P.s HAVE READ THEIR BIBLE

IT is just a hundred years since a book called "Treatise on the Law, Privilege, Proceedings and Usage of Parliament" was published, and the centenary of this book by Thomas Erskine May will be marked by the issue of the 14th edition.

The title of the book is altogether too long for use in conversation and it is generally referred to simply as "Erskine May," sometimes called "The M.P.'s Bible" because it is the complete guide to Parliamentary tradition, rules and procedure.

The authority of the book is unique and it occupies an important place on the table below the Speaker, ready for consultation should any question of precedent or procedure arise.

Erskine May entered the Houses of Parliament in a very minor position as a clerk in the Library, but his task of indexing the Journals of the House from 1547 to the reign of Queen Anne gave him a wonderful insight into the gradual growth of Parliamentary rules and traditions. He was only 29 when his great book was published, but it immediately won

"Erskine May," the complete guide to Parliamentary procedure, holds an honoured place on the table below the Speaker, but it does not make light reading, says J. M. MICHAELSON.

recognition as a unique gathering of the mass of rules, written and unwritten, by which Parliamentary procedure was governed.

At that time there were only fourteen Standing Orders of the House of Commons — the Standing Orders are the written rules governing procedure and debate agreed to by the House.

Before Erskine May died, the number of Standing Orders had increased to nearly one hundred, and for many of the reforms in Parliamentary procedure he was himself the inspiration through his book.

Erskine May was knighted in

1866 and rose in the permanent staff of the House of Commons to become Clerk of the House in 1871, a position he continued to hold until shortly before his death fifteen years later.

Only a few days before he died he had been created a Baron, with the title of Lord Farnborough, but it is by the name which appeared on his famous book that he is always referred to.

Clerk of the House of Commons is an important position, although the Clerk himself takes no part in the debates, not being a Member of the House.

The only occasion in which he "intervenes" is before the election of a Speaker. Since there is no Speaker in the chair, there is no one to call upon a Member who wishes to speak.

The Clerk silently points a finger at a Member on the Government side, who rises to propose a Speaker's election. Then he points to a Member on the Opposition side, who seconds the motion. Behind the scenes the Clerk does a great deal of work in making the working of the House smooth.

One of the Clerk's duties is to edit the Journals of the

★
Angelic
Twins pose
for A.B.
Jimmy Crew
★



THERE is plenty of work waiting for you in the garden of 161 Castlewood Drive, Eltham, S.E.9, A.B. Jimmy Crew.

We were told that you like gardening, which is certainly unusual, and you have our deepest sympathy. Anyway, you should be in your element when you get home, and you might show your father just how a garden should be kept.

He, by the way, seems to be enjoying his new job, though it certainly must seem rather strange after twenty-five years in the Army.

Ted is also working hard, or so he says, and Brian is still enjoying himself at school, while Kathleen is getting on well in the W.A.A.F.

The twins, Michael and Terry, are still as mischievous as ever, although they look

rather angelic in the picture, don't you think?

As you will see from the photograph, Mrs. Russell and Vera had come over from Bexley Heath to see your mother the day we called, and we were able to include them in the photograph with your family.

While you are away in your submarine, Jimmy, Ted is looking after your bike for you, but what state it will be in when you get home we can't say.

The wireless is certainly working well, so you will be able to amuse yourself with that if you are not spending your time at the Odeon or the Palace.

From all your family, from Mrs. Mac and from Mrs. Holmes come all the best for the future, Jimmy, and all are hoping to see you in the very near future.

Are you Bathy-colpian?

A DEPARTING guest was wrestling with a railway time-table in a New York hotel when he heard a voice behind him.

It was saying, "Maybe it's your aprosexia, sir. If you'll just cerebrate or pray that the train's departure suffers respisience."

The guest whirled round and said, "What on earth are you talking about? I'm trying to catch my train, and you're giving me double-talk."

William D. Cargill, the "bell-hop," who was looking after the guest's suitcases, looked hurt.

"The situation isn't just adapharous," he replied. "But we shouldn't be dyslogistic."

When the other man had gone for his train someone else asked Cargill what it was all about.

He said: "I was just trying to tell the gentleman that if he'd think or concentrate he'd find the train time easier. Or if he could pray that the trains had a change of heart and would arrive late."

Then the "bell-hop" explained that he had a love for rarely used words. For five years he had been digging them out of a score of dictionaries, encyclopaedias and other books, and was engaged on compiling a dictionary of his own.

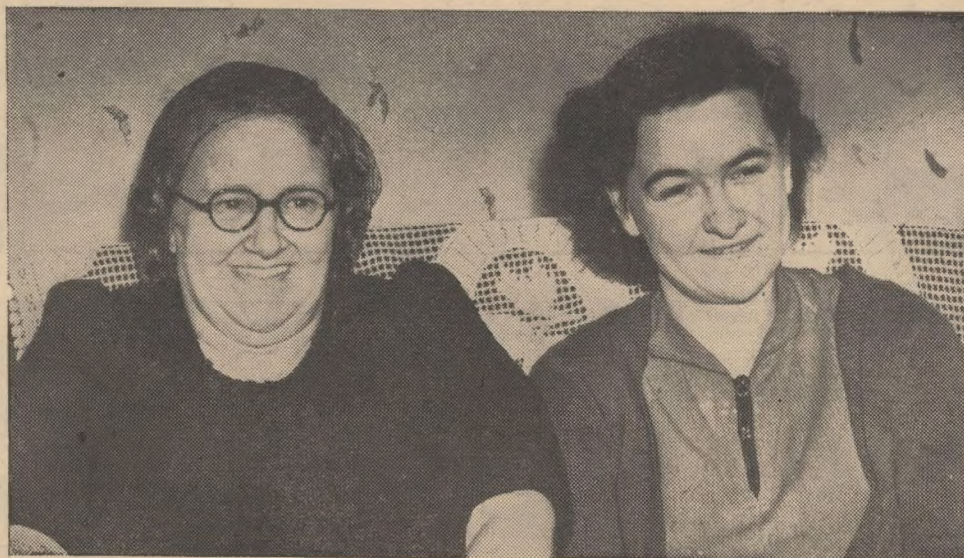
It would be composed entirely of words which very few people knew, and he had already found 20,000. In one more year it would be finished.

"Think of the pleasure people will get out of springing on other people words like 'pane-gyryze' or 'ampollosity,' he said.

He was asked how in his big-word language he would address his best girl.

"I should say," he said, "Louise, you are exiguous, gracile, bathy-colpian."

It means that she is slender, graceful and deep-bosomed."



TALK OF A TANDEM, Sto. William Atkinson

"GO and suck a lemon," said your sister Mavis, Stoker William Atkinson, when we asked her to let us take her picture doing likewise.

Yes, we visited your home, 226, Fairfield-road, Droylsden, Manchester, to find Mavis sucking a lemon, and your mother having a rest. Well, you can't blame your mother, for she has a full-time job doing the housework and cooking the meals. Her worst occupation is thinking what to prepare for the next meal.

Soon after we had arrived at your home, Granny popped in for a rest. She was on her way

to get the meat ration. She hopes to see you soon was all we could get out of her, but from the twinkle in her eye we could see she was excited. All the family are keeping well, Willie.

Olive, your wife, was at work in the cotton-mill when we arrived, so mother asked us to remember her to you. She is still in the munition works' hockey team, and is very enthusiastic about winning the semi-final, and then the final match. Let's hope they do.

Talking to mother brought to mind how Olive and you used to tour the country on

a tandem in the pre-war days. She also told us how handy you were in the house. There are one or two jobs waiting for you when you come home, Willie!

Father, Annice and Muriel all work for the same firm; Mavis, Thurston and Margaret do Government work; and Betty is busy at school.

Your brothers, Jack in the R.A.F. and Douglas in the R.A.M.C., always ask how you are in their letters.

That's all the home news, Willie: the family send their love to you. Carry on with the good work. Happy hunting.

House, and before the middle of the 17th century he made a little money on the side by supplying extracts from the Journals for Members at the rate of ten lines a penny.

This was very necessary, as his pay was only £10 a year and the proceeds of a collection amongst Members every Session, which amounted to about £25.

For some hundreds of years Parliament depended almost entirely on precedent for governing its procedure, as the existence of a mere fourteen Standing Orders a hundred years ago shows.

The present edition is a very large volume of 1,000 pages, and it is anticipated that the many additions and alterations made since the last edition was issued twenty years ago will mean that "Erskine May" will become two volumes.

The new edition is the result of ten years work by Sir Gilbert Campion, the present Clerk of the House of Commons.

The need for considerable changes in the rules of debate and procedure of the House became apparent not very long after Erskine May's book first appeared.

The House has always preferred to listen to long-winded speakers, to put up with those who tried to prevent legislation to which they were opposed by using Parliamentary procedure for obstruction, rather than stop them making new rules. But when the Irish Members conducted a concerted plan for preventing any business being done at all by using the rules of the House designed to give freedom of debate, it was realised at last that the rules would have to be altered.

The biggest change was the introduction of the "Closure," by which any Member could move "that the question be now put," thus ending the debate, provided that in the division he was supported by not less than a hundred Members.

Later there came an even more drastic measure — the "guillotine." Under this a certain hour on a certain day can be fixed for the end of a debate. If the whole of the Bill has not been finished by this time, then the remainder is decided by division without further debate.

It should be noted that none of these measures limiting absolute freedom of debate can be taken without the consent of the Majority of the House, and it is a fact that since their passage there has, measured by hours of debate and number of divisions, been more and not less discussion of big issues.

But there has been nothing like Parnell's 500 separate speeches to the House in 1879,

all designed to obstruct business. Parnell advised young M.P.s to learn the rules of the House by breaking them!

Fortunately few follow this advice except unwittingly. There was grave danger that he might bring Parliamentary government into disrepute, but the good sense of the House prevailed and sheer obstruction has been made impossible without limiting free speech.

"Erskine May" is not light reading and probably few M.P.s ever read the volume right through. It takes years, indeed, for an M.P. to become fully conversant with all the details of procedure and precedent, and only a handful ever reach the stage where they can instantly take advantage of a position which gives them an advantage.

Equally, very few take part in many debates without finding themselves "out of order."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Don't argue! You distinctly said out the cards!"

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Debtor Who Discovered the Pacific Ocean

IT is a curious fact that the man who discovered the Pacific Ocean, that vast expanse of sea that covers half the globe, was looking for something else at the time.

THEY SAW IT FIRST No. 6—By C. N. DORAN

As a matter of strict history and was doing quite well when Vasco Nunez De Bilboa was running away from his creditors.

He had run a long way. Bilboa was one of the Spanish explorers and conquistadors who had settled in what was then called Hispaniola. He cultivated land there, and was doing quite well when he made the acquaintance of a more or less adventurous lawyer called Enciso.

He told Enciso to fit out two ships. This was done, and on June, 1510, Enciso sailed. He had hoped Bilboa would be unable to accompany him; but after several days out a seaman discovered Bilboa aboard.

He had hidden himself in a big cask of provisions which had been brought down from his farm.

When they arrived at their destination they found San Sebastian: in ruins and the country laid waste by an English privateer.

Enciso wanted to go back home, but Bilboa would have none of it. He had nothing with which to face his creditors. The result was a violent quarrel between Bilboa and Enciso, and that quarrel was never patched up.

Under Bilboa's orders the ships made the trip to Darien, where a town was founded; but again

trouble broke out between the two was a kind-hearted man in his leaders, and Bilboa had Enciso treatment of the natives. The new which lay on the beach, and arrested and thrown into the new town prospered, but news came saluted Bilboa.

Later he had him deported that Enciso had reached Spain and had laid a long list of complaints against Bilboa, the result man to see this great ocean, this



of which was that orders came from Spain for Bilboa to return.

Bilboa thought that he might have a chance of conciliating the Spanish King if he discovered the reputed gold and silver mines, and he set out with a hundred men to make the journey.

They toiled through virgin forests, where malaria and snakes and wild animals abounded. Every day there were casualties. For a month, from September 1st, 1513, until September 26th, they marched.

On that day, standing on the summit of a mountain, clad in their armour the remnants of the company gazed across the space towards the west.

It was Bilboa who uttered the first shout of triumph.

"The Sea! Pacifico!"

No white man had ever before cast eyes on the mighty ocean, and even some of Bilboa's men believed they were looking on a mirage.

But Bilboa believed he had actually viewed the Unknown Ocean, which had been mentioned in legend among the tribes.

Four days later, on September 29th, Bilboa and his men arrived on the seashore. They found there waiting for them the foremost of the scouts, Alonzo Martin.

The latter pointed to a tree log which lay on the beach, and saluted Bilboa.

"You, Vasco Nunez De Bilboa," he said, "were the first man to see this great ocean, this

mighty Pacifico. I am the first to ride its waters."

He had already made an excursion on the sea on the tree log, using pieces of wood as paddles.

That beach is now known as St. Michael's Gulf.

And there, on the beach, the company knelt while Bilboa unfurled a flag and took possession of "all the great and mighty South Sea" in the name of the Spanish king.

QUIZ for today

1. A twait is a fish, bird, farm implement, scarf, carol, goat cutlet?
2. How many Public Schools (for girls) are there in Great Britain?
3. What famous actor was once a colonel in the Chinese Army?
4. How many holes does each player have on cribbage board?
5. Who is called the Father of the English Novel, and what story did he write?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Matilda, Anne, Mary, Joan, Elizabeth, Charlotte.

Answers to Quiz in No. 607

1. Kind of rabbit.
2. Newfoundland.
3. Six.
4. Lower Zambesi, Africa, (12,064 feet. Hell Gate Bridge, New York, is longer, but runs mostly overland).
5. 188.
6. McGregor is Scottish; others are Irish.



"Well, you would take him to see the acrobats at the circus!"

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



A REVISED list of charges for the hiring of police officers has been issued by Scotland Yard.

Anyone, it seems, may have the exclusive services of a member of the force, "subject to a detailed reason being satisfactory to the Commissioner."

An ordinary constable's services will cost 3s. an hour, or 22s. 6d. a day. Detectives of various ranks range from £1 3s. 9d. to £3 15s. 4d. a day, while women detectives cost £1 0s. 8d. for the day.

There are extras, too. For example, a man in evening dress or in morning suit and top-hat costs more, and if he incurs subsistence or lodging charges the hirer must pay them.

Police horses can be hired for 5s. 9d. a day or part of a day—riders extra. All money thus earned goes direct to the Police Fund.



DESPITE the war, the beauty parlours in London aren't doing so badly.

So the manageress of one told me the other day. She also told me one or two things I didn't know about beauty treatment.

Painting the toe-nails, for instance, isn't a new idea by a long chalk. In the British Museum there's a mummy of a one-time lovely with toe-nails and finger-nails dyed deep red.

And that plucking the eyebrows craze. That's as old as—well, anyhow, as old as Cleopatra, for it has been established she plucked her brows to a fine arched line, darkened and lengthened them with antimony paste.

Mark Antony's girl-friend also painted the lids of her eyes blue and rouged her face with iron oxide.

Cold cream as a cosmetic was used in Rome 1,700 years ago.



A YANK walked into Fetter Lane's milk bar the other day. He said, "Give me a corfy—make it like me goil—hot, sweet and strong."
"Black or white?" the seller asked!

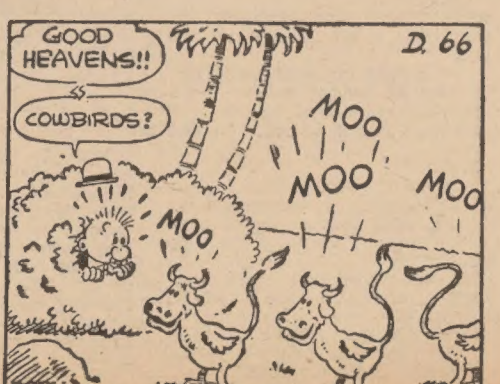
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

547

1. Behead a male animal and get a pronoun.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Fo uto negrad fo betd otu.
3. What town in Spain has EN for the exact middle of its name? (There is an island off Ireland with the same name.)
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The iron-mongers tried to being sold in furniture shops.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 546

1. T-hen.
2. No rose without a thorn.
3. IsLay.
4. Shore, horse.

JANE



Shock for the Crow and the Rabbit

IT seems silly of the rabbits to persist in their habitation among the thorn bushes alongside the stream, when, with every flood, they have to make a hurried flit to higher and drier ground.

But they always return, and though it isn't long since they were flooded out by melting snow, there are already several families of baby rabbits skipping around the bushes—as though the low-lying meadow were the safest place on earth, or under, in which to found a nursery for baby rabbits.

But it isn't! Every predatory bird and animal knows that the bushes are a sure place for a kill.

The other day, five baby rabbits were going "hoppity-hop" around a bush, while the mother lay stretched out on the grass enjoying the sunshine. She just lay still, as though there were nothing to worry about and all a rabbit needed to do was to bask in the sunshine while her little ones for wrinkled their noses and stared

with big baby eyes in wonder at every stalk of grass they came by.

But mother rabbit evidently slept with one eye open, for presently a carrion crow came sailing overhead, and instantly she gave quite an audible "stamp" as a danger signal and scuttled under cover.

Four little rabbits disappeared like magic under the thorn, but the fifth squatted alongside the bush, his big inquiring eyes asking "What's all the fuss about?"

The crow circled slowly overhead, moving its head from side to side, as it scanned the grass for any young rabbit that might have been so foolish as to remain uncovered.

He settled on a dead bough of the ash tree, and, looking down, saw a little patch of fur beside the thorn bush—and floated downward.

Meanwhile, Topsy—who, knowing the season has come for tasty young rabbits, has resumed her poaching instincts

after spending the winter as a respectable farmyard cat—was at that moment slyly stalking around the thorn bush.

She, too, saw that little patch of fur, crouched a second or two, her tail waving in anticipation.

She gave a spring just as the crow swooped down to the baby rabbit, and something happened that came as a double shock to both marauders.

The grass parted under the bush and out sprang the plucky mother rabbit, knock-

ing over both cat and crow before they had touched the ground.

It was all so sudden that neither Topsy nor the crow saw the rabbit, which darted back under cover along with her little one, leaving the two poachers to glare at each other in surprise.

The crow stepped sideways, as though inclined to fly off from this sudden transformation of a baby rabbit, and crouched ready to take flight.

Topsy, however, never hesitates if anything on legs ruffles up her fur, so, without pausing to consider the wisdom of attacking so large a bird, she alighted full on its crouching back.

With a startled croak the

bird rose with Topsy's heavy weight holding it down to within a few feet of the ground.

Unable to rise over a briar bush that overhangs the stream, the distracted crow charged through its tangled briars and Topsy came to grief.

Leaving a quantity of fur and feathers in the bush, they parted company, the crow flying rapidly away from its strange experience, and Topsy, after struggling painfully among the slender prickles, to drop with an angry "wow-ee" into the stream.

Her taste for baby rabbits will now be satisfied for a day or two while she sits in the barn licking her wounds.

Fred Kitchen

ALEX CRACKS

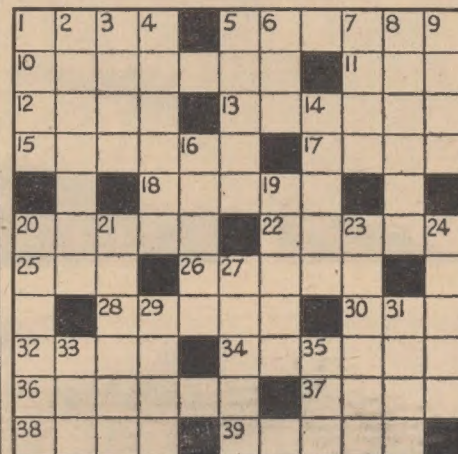
"Now, where in hell have I seen you before?"

"What part of hell do you hail from?"

Teacher: "Willie, please tell me what it is when I say 'I love you, you love, he loves'."

Willie: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ray.
- 5 Igneous rock.
- 10 Disentangle.
- 11 Vehicle.
- 12 Long out.
- 13 Pale person.
- 15 Gap.
- 17 Small whirlpool.
- 18 Penetrate.
- 20 Listened to.
- 22 Planet.
- 23 Terminate.
- 26 Angry.
- 28 Tired.
- 30 Number.
- 32 Boy's name.
- 34 Trounced.
- 36 Anger.
- 37 Stiff earth.
- 38 Colours.
- 39 Farther on.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Shrub.
- 2 Brighten.
- 3 Tune.
- 4 Be important.
- 5 Animal.
- 6 Completely.
- 7 Sharp.
- 8 Carriage.
- 9 Weight.
- 14 Headgear.
- 16 Opened.
- 19 Dodge.
- 20 Piled.
- 21 Solemnly request.
- 23 Pique.
- 24 Hard.
- 27 Revolt.
- 29 Unfortunately.
- 31 Have on.
- 33 Some.
- 35 Behave.

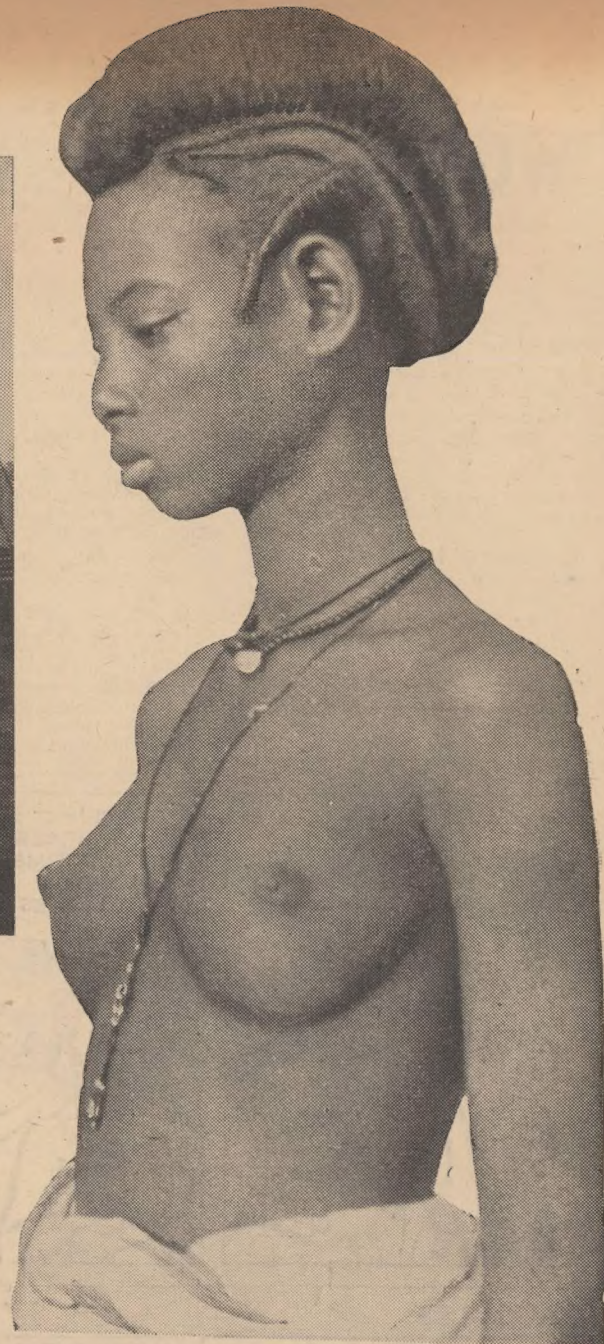
TUBER ISM I
SIMIAN ETC
BEGUN SPREE
RH DETAIL
ORTS DINTED
IE AGILE DO
LACTIC SCUT
SHIRTY O E
BOUND LEAVES
ANT LEADEN
Y EKE ROYAL

RUGGLES



Good Morning

OLD FATHER THAMES. "Fuse" Wilson set out to prove in this picture that the beauty of the Thames does not consist solely in a silver stream sliding past lush meadows fringed with water irises. He sees majesty in Lot's Road Power Station. And we think he's got something there.



On our left, lovely Anne Shelton, singing star of the B.B.C.'s programme, "Anne - to You." In response to many requests we gladly present "Anne - for You."



On our right is a young lady of the Penhl tribe. Nobody, as far as we know, has requested her picture - yet. Her elaborate hair-do is kept in place with lavish quantities of rancid butter - which also helps to keep boy-friends in their place! In fact, she's no singing star - she just hums a bit!



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Another case of warm hand, and cold tums, I suppose."

SEEMS CRAZY TO US! Cold enough for mufflers and ear-protectors, and yet these three Newcastle kiddies are happily licking ice-cream as they share the warmth of the watchman's brazier!